



Resistance Plantings at Hay's Street Bridge People's Park

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The People's Park beneath Hays Street Bridge
 was an unoccupied wasteland lot,
 when I went out to scatter seed of hairy vetch.
 I dropped black, bullet-sized seeds
 into crusty dirt mounds amongst
 tufts of straw-hued grass blades
 while thinking how the chains of lacy-leafed legume
 ending in purple petals would feed and fortify the city soil.

One time, my neighbor helped me forecast seed,
 and when we finished off the repurposed baggie
 and returned to my pick-up
 after looking in vain for evidence of earlier plantings,
 the truck refused to start.

(I should have known not to drive my pick-up there
 where the city backs men who want
 to take away the dreamed-of park —
 for my pick-up stalls at places where mean spirits are at play.
 I know this from frequent stalls at border patrol checkpoints.)

I never saw that any of our vetch took root —
 there was mud for a short while after days of deluge,
 then the top crust was bull-dozed away
 making an impervious surface.

I expect though,
 there is still some seed in that dirt waiting for the People's Park
 to take root.

p.s. One of my "resistance plantings" did take root as
 a vine at the base of the border wall being built
 at Brownsville's Hope Park...
 I imagined border-crossers
 taking heed of the green twining up the steel wall
 might smile, for a moment.

—Kamala Platt

Note: Articles related to the Hays Street Bridge appeared in the
 February 2018 issue of La Voz.

The rogue rosebush

*grows between two homes
 in my neighborhood.
 Neither family claims it
 nor tends it.
 I doubt they know it is there,
 but I do.
 I pass it every time I walk
 Wee Jack and we stop
 and ponder it. Pay it respect,
 each in our own way.*

*I carry a small scissors for
 the perfect miniature rosebud
 it might produce,
 worth fighting the spiny thorns
 that challenge me, as does
 the ditch in front of it.
 Some would say it thrives
 on neglect. I do not
 buy that canard.
 Nothing thrives on neglect.
 I take that lesson home with me.*

—Marilyn Wallner

